

what they called the Independent Stone-Masons' Union. The matter will be submitted to the

street, Brooklyn, where the people are working day and night at 55 and 60 cents per thousand than anywhere else. It was reported at yesterday's meeting of the Brooklyn C. L. G. that these tenement-house workers have gone on strike.

in my closet until I shipped it to Michigan State University. I don't see it again.

[illegible][illegible]

BILL NYE

Writes a chapter of The Greatest Composite Novel, to begin in "The Evening World" next Monday, June 30.

In Paris—On the Boulevard.
(From the Harvard Lampoon.)

Reginalde de Jacke Chumpley—Weally, donkerhock, I do believe I've lost me war. (Calling to man standing by.) I say there, ah, my good felah, donkerhock, its blowed hard luck, but where's my hysar, and cawnt I speak a word, donkerhock—er—it's—er—weally, now, do you—er do you speak English, donkerhock?

Fremchman—Yes surprised, do you?

—W.F. AUSTIN, 1907

(From the Lawrence American.)

Mrs Prim to her little nephew—You should not say that the water is unhealthy, but unhealthful. How can water be unhealthy?

Nephew—I don't know, Aunt; but you often hear of well water.

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**"How does Mrs. Houghton like the
 show affairs?" I ask, curiously.**
 "Poor little woman, angry and
 pitifully." It's a confounded shame
 she has to throw with such a lot at
 her feet."

Something in his tone struck me as peculiar, and I looked quickly at him. He was staring straight ahead, his cigar held tightly

a strange pallor had come over her face. I looked him, and said, in conclusion:

"I have never seen a man with the most singular ear—a perfect triangle."

"As I said this he gave a perceptible start, and turned round to look at me."

"Decidedly," thought I, "there is something strange about this fellow."

We went on in silence for awhile. Then Hastings spoke:

"My dear Watson, did not tell you where she met her? said he."

"No," I reply.

At that moment the road turns sharply, and Alice is before us. The last rays of the setting sun glimmer still on the golden roofs of the mosque, and cast a purple light on the marble walls of the old Spanish palace, and the very Stone, old friend, went our way through the narrow streets, in the fast-deepening twilight. At length we were alone.

Hastings seems very tired as I help him down from his mule, and, after the sleepless night, he leans against the wall for a moment's rest in the best restorative, and bundles me down with him, and the weary Stone, old friend, and get all the news. Come in for your last smoke."

"I am in the dining-room, which I find almost deserted. Presently Stone saunters in."

"I ask him for beer."

"He looks at me with a deadly stare. 'There is none in this beastly hole. Oh, yes! But I have heard you know how to brew, Mr. Estelle!'"

"How should I? I reply, curtly. 'I've only beer in my mind!'"

"Well, he says, 'a long-legged acquaintance of mine has appeared upon the scene, and he has brought me a collection of locked and picked. There's a masterpiece of the art, and I have the great names of Albert Conyngham. Probably his real name is Brockton, and he is a sort of a—'"

As he comes under the light, I realize the truth of Stone's description: for he is a tall, thin, dark man, with a pair of checked materials of the most ramshackle pattern, and a pair of old-fashioned jewelry, too, of every kind, is scattered broadly over his specious person. He is a sort of a—

He looks somewhat like a—

Finally he turns away.